

LEARNING M^CFADDEN TO WALTZ.

By M. F. Carey

Copyrighted 1890, Fassett & Grisworld.

Music of this Song sent on receipt of 40 cts. in 1 or 2 ct. stamps, by
A. W. Auner, Tenth & Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Clarence McFadden he wanted to waltz,
But his feet wasn't gaited that way;
So he saw a professor and stated his case,
And said he was willing to pay.
The professor looked down in alarm at his feet,
As he viewed their enormous expanse,
And he tacked on a five to his regular price,
For learning McFadden to dance.

CHORUS.

One, two, three, balance like me,
You're quite a fairy, hut you have your faults,
While your left foot is lazy, your right foot is crazy,
But don't be unsaisy, I'll learn you to waltz.

He took out McFadden before the whole class,
And he showed him the step once or twice,
But McFadden's two feet got tied into a knot,
Sure he thought he was standing on ice;
At last he broke loose and struck out with a will,
Never looking behind or before,
But his head got so dizzy he fell on his face,
And chewed all the wax off the floor.

One, two, three, &c.

McFadden soon got the step into his head,
But it wouldn't go into his feet;
He hummed "La Gitana" from morn'ing till night,
And he counted his steps on the street.
One night he went home to his room to retire,
After painting the town a bright red,
Sure he dreamt he was waltzing and let out his feet,
And he kicked the dash-board off the hed.

One, two, three, &c.

When Clarence had practiced the step for awhile,
Sure he thought that he had it down fine,
He went to a girl and he asked her to dance,
And he wheeled her out into the line;
He walked on her feet, and he fractured her toes,
And he said that her movement was false,
Sure the poor girl went round for two weeks on a crutch,
For learning McFadden to waltz.

One, two, three, &c.